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REAL MEN

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**--EVERYBODY'S
DYING!
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Now, for a fraction of what you would pay for a genuine diamond, you can purchase a man-made stone so perfect even an expert using a powerful magnifying glass can't tell it from the real thing for sure without actually subjecting it to scientific testing!

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These magnificent stones are called Diagems. They are identical to diamonds in every respect except one:

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE

Genuine diamonds are produced from carbon under tremendous heat and pressure. So are Diagems! Genuine diamonds have a cubic molecular structure. So do Diagems! Genuine diamonds are a far distance measured on the refractivity scale as 2.4. So do Diagems! Genuine diamonds are cut by expert diamond cutters. So are Diagems!

What is the difference then? Simply this: A diamond, which is the hardest substance in the world, is harder than a Diagem. A Diagem is almost as hard as an emerald, but it isn't as hard as a diamond. This is the only basic difference between a genuine diamond and a Diagem, and that difference is of no practical consequence.

The woman who wears a Diagem will never be aware of the minute difference — nor will anyone else — unless you tell them! Diagems pass for real diamonds anywhere, under close examination, and is the most knowledgeable and most sophisticated company!

100 years ago, 50 years ago, even 20 years ago, there was no substitute for diamonds. There were pearls, and because a few laboratory-made stones of uncertain quality, but nothing that could actually pass as a genuine diamond. Now that situation has changed dramatically! Just as the cultured pearl can't be told from the genuine pearl, so the Diagem can't be told from the diamond, and knowledgeable people everywhere are taking advantage of that fact!

Those magnificent diamond earrings your friend's wife was wearing the other day may actually have been Diagems! That beautiful ring your best friend was wearing may have been a Diagem as well. More people — especially among the wealthy — are wearing Diagems than you would begin to suspect, but they're not telling, and unless they do, there is no way you could possibly know.

WHY NOT YOU?

Unless you are buying purely for investment, Diagems make perfect sense because 1. They cost only a fraction of what diamonds cost, yet they are just

as beautiful and often more so. 2. They pose no expensive insurance problems. If one should be lost, stolen or stolen, the event is not the calamity it might otherwise be. 3. No one can tell them from the real thing for sure without subjecting them to a hardness test.

If you are wondering what kind of a gift to set for that special occasion ... why not a Diagem? If you have an anniversary coming up, what better way to go all out than with a gift like this? If you are about to purchase an engagement ring, how much more sense to invest in a Diagem? You get a Diagem (and since diamonds are judged by size), a far more lovely and impressive ring for a fraction of what you would expect to pay, and the huge savings can be toward furnishing the house or towards that new car.

Or, if you are simply trying to impress or win over a friend, what better way than that? If diamonds are a girl's best friend, so are Diagems because she'll never tell them apart!

No matter what kind of gift, no matter what the occasion, certainly Diagems make good sense, and if you have any doubts, you can actually see for yourself without risk. We are so confident you will be impressed with Diagems once you actually examine one, that we make this

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We are a highly reputable and well-financed organization. You may deal with us with complete confidence. No one will ever know you are our customer. If Diagems sound intriguing to you, simply indicate your choice below. When your Diagem arrives, look it over for 30 full days at your risk. Have it examined by whom ever you like. At the end of that time, you are not completely satisfied in every way, return for an immediate refund, no questions asked. Your friends must be convinced you are wearing a magnificent genuine diamond, or you pay nothing!

DIAGEM CO., 306 Hempstead Ave., Malverne, N.Y. 11565, Dept. 1543

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PAWNBROKERS BEWARE (TWO TRUE STORIES)

When Diagems were first introduced, a man we once approached a pawnbroker with a one carat Diagem ring. The broker examined it through his glass and said, "17500!" Look again, smiled our friend expecting the pawnbroker to recognize his error "10K," "800," he replied, "but no higher."

The prospective mother-in-law was unimpressed by her daughter's choice of a beau. When the young couple showed her the magnificent engagement ring, Momma softened a bit. After all, anyone who could afford an \$1800 ring couldn't be all bad. The actual cost of that ring? Less than \$80, but to this day Momma hasn't the slightest inkling!

Diagems simply cannot be told from real diamonds by visual inspection alone!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

When your Diagem arrives, examine it for 10 days at our risk. If you aren't convinced it is everything you claim, indistinguishable from a genuine diamond except by hardness test, don't keep it. Simply return for full and immediate refund, no questions asked! © 1968

REAL MEN

DECEMBER 1969
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"Should have taken your course 20 years ago." A. Knell, Michigan City, Ind.
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"\$1,000 Christmas for my family. Got everything we wanted. Will now return to my studies." G. Schramm, Two Rivers, Mich.

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SCOREBOARD



COST OF ENTERTAINMENT

Television can be a lot more expensive than you'd think. In London, England, the detectives at Scotland Yard issued a public warning recently, after a survey of some 2500 burglaries committed in a three month span, showed that the bulk of these burglaries had been carried out while the victims were fully awake, at home, and deeply immersed in watching TV. They were completely unaware of anything else.

STILL IN DISTRESS

Government welfare agencies provide plenty of encouragement for free enterprise. In La Folette, Tennessee, for example, severe unemployment forced the Federal government to declare the county a distress area. When Sheriff William Chapman and his men raided several stills in the vicinity, they found that the moonshiners were getting their corn meal for mash, free, from a distribution center of one of the welfare agencies.

WONDERS OF WIDOW-HOOD

Here's a gal who quite obviously believed in direct action. Maryvonne Daniel, a 50-year-old Red Cross worker from the city of Versailles, France, complained to her husband after 27 years of marriage that "other girls have more freedom than I do. They are widows or divorcees." Finding no sympathy, she was promptly arrested and sentenced to eight years in jail, for attempting to attain her own widow-hood by starting a fire while her loving husband was fast asleep.

IT'S A FAIR COMPLAINT

In San Jose, California, Robert A. Evans escaped from jail. But in short order he was recaptured. Brought to court, the judge gave him a stern lecture, informing Evans among other things, that "he was a very disturbed man." Retorted Evans, "You'd be disturbed too, if you were running down the street with people shooting at you!"

VITAL STATISTICS

Port Washington, Wisconsin: Recently, the city government established once and for all, the relative importance of its city employees. It decreed that Asian Flu shots were to be given to all in order of their necessity. The priority: garbage detail, rubbish sweepers, sewage disposal plant workers, Mayor and aldermen--in that order.

THIEVES IN THE NIGHT

A man in Dryden, Michigan, waited a full week before reporting a robbery at his home. His reason for failing to report the crime became apparent when he told the police that the loot was "a 100 pound cement frog with red-glass reflectors for eyes." Seeing the look in the eyes of the police officers, he muttered, "That's what I was afraid of."

TIME'S A'WASTIN'

When a 77-year-old woman in Los Angeles, California, married recently, it was a profound relief to her 102-year-old mother. Remarkable mom, "I was getting worried about my daughter. I was afraid she might turn out to be an old maid!"

"Sorry, we hire only
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NUDE TRENDS IN BACHELOR PAD DECOR









NUDE TRENDS IN BACHELOR PAD DECOR



and the guys went with
cuddles. And 19. They're a
bloody, blue-eyed, and 18. I
biked with a man 17. 27. 27.

TREASURE OF THE DOUBLE-CROSSING BLONDE

Blood-thirsty, money-hungry, without
a moral to her name - that was Claire.

Personally, I wasn't that concerned
till the day she came gunning for me!

by THOMAS SCHNEIDER



OK, I ADMIT IT. I'm a sucker for dames. But then, if a guy's got to have a weakness, what better way to go to Hell than that. So when I spotted the blonde in the bar in Diego Santos, I immediately forgot all about business and turned my attention to the more important parts of life. Namely her.

What a girl like that was doing in a waterfront bar on the northern tip of the Malagasy Republic, didn't occur to me. Even if it had appeared to way into the inner recesses of my brain, I don't think the thought would have bothered me. She was there, I was there. That was plenty good enough for me.

It wasn't difficult to get close to her. I had a feeling that she was becoming just a little uncomfortable with all those Arab eyes fixed squarely on her over-obvious figure. The fact that I was an American didn't hurt in the least. We got friendly in no time. And from there, you can take it yourself. I don't have to draw you a diagram.

It wasn't till the next morning that the fly in the ointment appeared. What a fly! Frankly, it should have been known in the shape of the cocktail waitress you ever did see. Now ordinarily I'd say that if there's anything I prefer more than blondes, it's redheads. But not this time. For it didn't take more than a couple of minute observations to notice that my blondescented to have more interest in the redhead than she had in me. Understood now, I'm not a prole or a socialist. If a gal wants to lead some peculiar kind of life of her own, that's her business. Not mine. This time around to be different. I figured that I'd staked out a claim on the blonde and I wasn't about to give it up that easily. Especially after having sampled some of her delicious capabilities.

I pitched with everything I knew then, but it didn't seem to make much impression. Claire, the blonde, was turning colder by the second and the redhead, pre-

(Continued on page 14)

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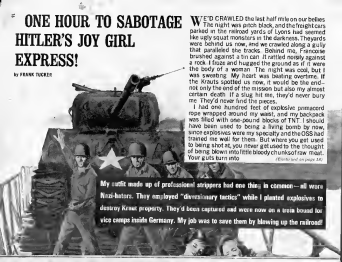
ONE HOUR TO SABOTAGE HITLER'S JOY GIRL EXPRESS!

BY FRANK TUCKER

WE'D CRAWLED the last half mile on our bellies. The night was pitch black, and the freight cars parked in the railroad yards of Lyons had seemed like ugly squat monsters in the darkness. The yards were behind us now, and we crawled along a gully that paralleled the tracks. Behind me, Françoise brushed against a tin can. It rattled noisily against a rock. I froze and hugged the ground as if it were the body of a woman. The night was cool, but I was sweating. My heart was beating overtime. If the Krauts spotted us now, it would be the end—not only the end of the mission but also my almost certain death. If a slug hit me, they'd never bury me. They'd never find the pieces.

I had one hundred feet of explosive primacord rope wrapped around my waist, and my backpack was filled with one-pound blocks of TNT. I should have been used to being a living bomb by now, since explosives were my specialty and the OSS had trained me well for them. But where you get used to being shot at, you never get used to the thought of being blown into little bloody chunks of raw meat. Your guts burn into

(Continued on page 18)

A black and white photograph of a tank with soldiers in the foreground. The tank is positioned in the upper half of the frame, with its turret and main gun visible. In the foreground, several soldiers in military uniforms and helmets are visible. One soldier on the left is looking towards the camera, while others are partially visible behind him. A large white star is superimposed over the center of the image, between the soldiers and the tank. The background is dark and indistinct.

My outfit made up of professional strippers had one thing in common—all were Nazi-haters. They employed "diversionary tactics" while I planted explosives to destroy Kraut property. They'd been captured and were now on a train bound for vice camps inside Germany. My job was to save them by blowing up the railroad!





Victim (above) of German torture drops dead minutes after release from a work camp. Death rights were for those unnamed. Below: The girls were to be brought via railway to the camp. My only prayer was that it had enough time to grant dynamite caps and run her cards before they exploded.

a sackful of rusty gravel. Your mouth dries out, and you sweat too. And that's nearly here (180 m) they throw on my belly when Przeworski opened the racket, with the gas van.

Przeworski was a small girl and I hadn't really seen her first, but I couldn't help reading her identity. Hervey German hunched back, coughed through her dark nose about 50 yards away. The steps there drove it to the unspeakable spoken in . . .

Slowly I pulled the Marka rule-mechanism off my shoulder. Maybe we will go down fighting. I could hear Przeworski's tortured protest, something behind me. Her shoulder struck my right leg and I feared that she was turning over on her back so that she could fit in the Nazi 100 women's cemetery.

I straightened my run. The Nazi rail way guard had stopped. He was probably listening, wondering if something funny was going on. It was little consolation to think that he was probably so scared as we were. From far they came this yard of a locomotive linking them. This I could hear the whistles strike. Sounds carry in a lonely night. I glanced down at the victims and on my wrist watch. We couldn't wait much longer. The train was expected around 11 p.m. It was near dinner

if it would take twenty minutes to get the charges on the rails. If the Nazis didn't give up and go away, we'd never have the time to do the job.

But we had to do it. All my girls were on that train. The only way to get them out of the clutches of the Nazi 100 torturers was to help them escape to the confusion of the gas works after I blew the tracks. If I didn't have time to set the charges, the train would pass here, and the girls would be lost—found for the ray huggers of the Gestapo/Secret Police in Germany.

OF COURSE, the Germans could have shot the girls right when they captured, and they would have been within their legal rights to do so, for the girls were civilians, German and Polish. But the Germans were humane, and they knew good female civilians when they saw it. And my girls were just that. Boy, so hell. That's why they had been picked for the job.

For almost a year and a half they had been riding baby hell with German corruption traps in France. They would let themselves be "permanently" held in Nazi headquarters for a night of fun, and while they kept the Nazis' officers busy and happy. I would, once accustomed setting my explosives, and then, when I was done, we'd kill off all eye witnesses who could tell afterwards what had happened, and then I'd show up the next day with the women with my girls. Nothing laughing now, just, just, just. The train was expected around 11 p.m. It was near dinner



our favorite topics. But that's not how I want the last time. Everythough suddenly, went on full in a locker.

Helm and Deneke, the most influential of my direct pals, had got the job in a few short points in Lyons which, we knew, was often covered by officers from the local SS-Gesamte headquarters. What made this local quarters special was that it housed a printing plant in which the Germans printed stamps by dollar and free dollar bills with which they were trying to obtain materials and information back home in the States.

It was on my second night at the Oberster Command when three officers from the SS headquarters showed up for a while they looked bored in spending the local merchandise of worn-out collabos and provisions, but they returned perked up quickly enough when the lights dimmed and Helm and Deneke started their act.

Helm and Deneke came out in light, brown dresses and announced that this was a contest—that the two of them should decide which of them they liked better. In fact, they started to pick out of their nearby dresses. To start with, Helm got the happy hand for when her dress came off she revealed seductively in a way all the paratroopers and a bunch less that was too tight and hardly covered anything at all—and there was a lot to cover—her legs and started in smooth black stockings, plucked to her white thighs by mid-garble. The view on the other hand, underbusts down to a white slip. But when Deneke a slip came off, she was nothing but a G-string, and the contest was almost over. The girls glowered at each other during the applause, and suddenly attacked each other. Helm ripped off Deneke's G-string and Deneke pulled off Helm's bra and panties. Then they fought, and Deneke finally won, jumping behind in the door, her long stilettoed legs trailing in the air while her body lay on the floor under Deneke. The German officers were reacting with astonishment and disapproval mostly.

When the girls had their clothes back on the Nazis asked them once in the table and required if they would not round up a group of women selected and submitted to them for a visit to their headquarters the next evening. Deneke said she would have to talk to their manager and called the next I called immediately when I stepped up to the table. The German did not ask me to sit down.

We went to order a show. One of them said, "I understand that you can provide about a dozen girls."

I asked, "Favorable price?"

I said, "They know all the tricks. But they are expensive."

The German officer waved his

hand. "The price does not matter if the quality is right." He mentioned the size to him. "I can give you in dollars," he whispered.

"I bet you'd like that, you French ones."

"Dollars, French marks?" I asked, guessing correctly. For now I knew these were the people we were after.

"Money is all the more to me to keep it to myself."

"Tomorrow night, then," he of them said, and he gave the address of the printing plant headquarters.

"I shall need a dressing room," I said. "The girls must get dressed on my own last time."

The Nazi grinned. "All the details will be taken care of," he said.

I COULDN'T have asked for a more convenient dressing room. When I arrived the next night with my girls and the perfume bottles—they had taken bottom full of TNT and other explosive paraphernalia—the room designed was between a bathroom and where the show and subsequent orgy was to take place, and the boy told where the prison was. It was easy to pay the look while the girls took their turn stepping for the SS masters, and by the time the show was half through, I was busy laying my charges on the exposed plans for the pump U.S. tanks.

But had a glimpse of two of the girls standing on a table through the bathroom door when I returned to the tanks for the perfume caps and flaps, and I saw that wonderful take the girls who had treated their show were sitting on the tops of the officers and crawling up to them. Only Francine and a little blond by the name of Madeline were still waiting. Their turn, working inside the show, they made themselves be done covered with silver powder, the type of their remarkable breasts covered with wood and stars and their pretty lot in up the back of their. Their first dance was to be the kind of the formal part of the show and the work was that they would come up, each carrying a purse, and out of their purses their regularly would materialize about five or six women.

But it never came to that. For just as I turned to go back into the prison room, a huge figure suddenly filled the door.

An SS officer stood in the frame. A gun pointed at me in his hand. He must have sensed the prison room from the other side and seen my handwork. There was nothing else I could do. I threw myself at him, hoping to keep the pistol out of his grasp before he could fire.

The edge of my left hand slammed

into the side of his neck and my right

hand closed around his gun magazine designed to demolish the muzzle of the trigger finger. At the same instant my knee slammed into his groin. The Nazi grunted and his legs sagged under him. Just my grip on his gun hand hadn't been strong enough and the pistol went off in the room with a bang.

There was a yelp behind me. Instantly I turned, only to see a blood-curdling wailing coming from between Madeline's breasts. Francine's hand was already in her little bag, extracting her automatic pistol.

I heard a German yell from the doorway had cutting through the noise. "Idiot, everything stands up, girls!" And at that moment, Francine began screaming through the door.

Francine threw herself on the floor, opened the door a crack and began firing.

"I got one," she yelled.

"Never mind," I answered. "Let's get out of here!" I knew there was nothing we could do. We were not equipped. At best, I might be able to cut off the charges. We'd worry about the girls later. I went back, but I was late.

I slipped the back of the automatic German officer and there it was. Francine's head was more than a foot of those shots. Then she raised after me into the prison room. I looked at their quality work in perfection cap like a boy of plastic explosives and pulled the trigger. It was an act of the door on the other side of the prison room. I already heard heavy steps behind me. Guns at ready, we were down a row, screaming. And then silence and behind us, the kind with off with a deafening roar.

We got out of the building straight after passing down a passed at the foot of the stairs who looked at us in amazed surprise when the blast burst of upstairs. We dashed through dark, dark streets and made the way across Munich in a small street out side of town.

A couple of days later, Francine made a sweeping trip up Lyons and came back with the information that the girls were being shipped to Germany that night to be used in the pleasure houses of the SS. While she was gone, I had decided that I had to do everything in my power to save the girls. They had worked with me, taken their chances along with me, and it was only because I hadn't thought the German officer properly and dismissed him before he could shoot that the show had ended up in their capture. I had to try and save them no matter what the cost and the fact that they were to be on the night train in Germany at least provided the opportunity. Francine agreed with me. There were only two

(Continued on page 34)

EXPERIENCED MALES: Overheated Teen-age Nymphs Are Looking For You!

We're in a revolution, men! The 'let's make love and we'll get crossed to introductions following the orgy' type. Part and parcel of it is the young, cuddly sex kittens prowling for mature men. With these charmers, it's the education you can give them that they're after!

Sweet! With all that went on display, I'm shocked! (See a highlight pit.)

"Easy there, easy, steady," Mr. B. explains. "I know just how you feel! Whatdaya say we go over to Mandy's and work all night instead?"

Mr. A. laughs. "Well, I'm rich with you!"

Somewhere in the distant background of the partying lot, a sense of stirring, girlish suspense begins to spread. The two girls stop, dazed still just into the blackness, attempting to find the source of the laughter.

"Right this way, ladies," a young, distinctly loud voice beckons.

As the men come down, two girls step out from between some dark doors in the darkness. The men are sure that they are young, very young, and well worked.

"Goddess!" one of the girls exclaims. "When the hell you wedding your money boy?"

"What's a boy?" Mr. A. asks. "You're business?"

"Business? Hell, no!" the girl right violently against the side of a nervous Godley.

"We're out for kicks, ladies," puts in little man number two. "Whatdaya say? You good at placing bets?"

Have enough? Mr. B. is heavily agitated.

"I told you, we're for kicks! You make us happy and it won't cost you a cent! Whatdaya say? Think you can keep up with us grandpas?"

The two men shrug. Taking the girls by the arm, they lead them over to their car, and drive away. Somewhere up in the Hollywood Hills, they give the girls an opportunity to get up or shut up.

That was one side of the country. How about the other?

Woozy Goddard, which isn't her real name, is a tall girl doing business in one of the southern regions of downtown Philadelphia. The middle class built into there, at the fringe of the financial district which also houses



by EDGAR RENARD

THE PLACE: Los Angeles—somewhere along the Sunset Strip. The hour: between 10 P.M. and midnight. The characters: two sports, and for an evening on the town, well-lubricated with the wherewithal to pay for it.

The two men, obviously great friends, have just left one of the grander strip-tease joints and are headed for MANDY'S.

"Wow," says Mr. A, exhaling slowly with a slight shrift. "Glad you got a load of that bubblegum look

(Continued on page 54)









STACKED DECK

Oklahoma-born Joan Zinn would be an ornament in anyone's talent show. Her talent? Doing card tricks for friends. Joan, we were wondering. Just how good are you at poker?















STACKED DECK



Saltry Joan tears herself away from her hobby long enough to do a bit of modeling during her spare time. She stands 5'8 and tapes to 37-24-36"!





Fire and charred bodies blocked my way to escape. I knew the tin can wouldn't stay afloat much longer. If I were to save myself, I'd have to act fast. Then it hit me—maybe I was the only survivor!

My first was mistaken. Just after the first explosion came this one. The tops of the men bleeding the destroyer's hull were like a dagger blow on a person that day. I was kneeling against a wall at the time. I was vaguely conscious of blood oozing down my face and my back puddling. But also in a bloody sea. The day was all my death and the darkness did not somehow gelatinous. I said I thought of it then as I lay in the wreckage. There were two men in the water, one about a mile. My mind spun feverishly in the warning of the menfolk. But what light ray called to my thoughts? I was not alone.

My first instinct was to leave that ship. In time I realized I wasn't alone. I had been through the



Some of the recovered bodies (above) were found beyond detention. The bodies were members bearded in life boats and were found here that day.



radio didn't seem to deliver by the captain.

"The last thing that came into my mind was the Old Man, and I picked myself up off the changing deck and walked through the CIC in the bridge ladder. A figure leaped down the ladder and landed on the bridge as if somebody had put the foot to him. I looked up and saw the bloody face of the man at the log ring.

"Land! God, the Captain. I think he's there for God!"

He disappeared as I reached for the body. Just above that time water started pouring through the lower bridge station and plating room and somewhere above the noise at the Nam was saying over the info room.

"Abandon ship! Abandon ship!" "That Captain's gone down!"

I walked around to the railposts and took a handful of confidential papers and our codes. If the ship was going down I was supposed to burn these, and I started to when the

men began loading the broken tin drums. I knew they also was going down, and that I'd stayed behind too long. It came to a halt just as the water that dragged HMS/US Troop to the bottom.

There was the burning sound of men escaping somewhere below and men screaming and rapidly I wondered if the Marines had not the depth charges on edge.

I T WAS THE MORNING of Sept. 7, 1945, and we were two days

out of the Cingalese port of Colombo. We were a three-ship convoy sailing southwest to the Seychelles Islands which still were in British hands despite the fact that Japan had a stranglehold on the east. Three ships, and not a ghost of getting through. The waters of the Indian Ocean were infested with Jap-I-boats, big submarines looking for slow convoys. Nobody thought of the possibility of enemy mines in the open sea, and least of all us, the screening ship.

HMAS Tromp was a short hulled destroyer—shorter by 50 feet than the average tin-can, but with essentially the same armament. I'd been with her since before commissioning; in Perth Shipyards where she was born and grew up in a rush in less than nine months. There were 287 men aboard, nine of them officers. The radio shack on the destroyer was located directly below the battle bridge and aft of the captain's cabin. My rating corresponded roughly to an RM 1/c in the US Navy, but in the Australian sea arm a man had to put in his years for a rating.

The CO of the *Tromp* was Lt. Comdr. Paul McCandless, a reservist who, although a civilian yachtsman before, was very well liked by the regular navy men and the crew as a whole. After commissioning and before our shakedown, there were those idle moments when between the try at perfection and the ultimate attainment of whatever we'd become, the Old Man actually exhibited his human side.

"Men," he said in one of his extra-curricular speeches, "you've worked hard and given this ship a fighting soul. We have three whole days off. Use them to best advantage. If anybody should find himself in trouble with the law, don't hesitate to call on me for assistance!"

He'd meant it. Every word.

Commanding Officers had a way of trusting to luck that there would be no acid test of their loyalty to the crew, but not our guy. We must have grown on him, the way he grew on us. The night of the little speech a bunch of us were having a few brews in a pub when one of the Torpedomen from another destroyer said a few choice (and derogatory) words about the *Tromp*. A small war of fists broke out.

In the fracas which followed a few skulls were dented, a few arms broken, and there were fractures and shiners galore. The upshot was that both crews landed in the old mazy staring at iron bars. But before dawn the bars were unlocked. There stood McCandless the Yachtsman—freedom. He promised the authorities to restrict the whole ship, yet once

we were out of their jurisdiction promptly forgot the promise. From that moment on, McCandless rated as a fine human being and a man to be respected by the crew of *HMAS Tromp*. If he said have a good time, but no fighting, every man went out of his way to avoid trouble. In short, he was a gentleman.

Nobody abused his kindnesses. The shakedown of the *HMAS Tromp* was not really a shakedown, but more an exercise in killing submarines. She was hardly trimmed down for sea when I-305, a big fleet-type Japanese sub popped up off Perth and began sinking merchant ships at the rate of six a week. All surface craft were ordered out to hunt the submersible, and somehow the admiral got his orders turned around and the *Tromp* was included.

The ship was so raw that even if she got a sonar contact, there wasn't the slightest chance in hell of making an effective depth charge attack. And that, in substance, was what happened when scouting offshore she rang up her first "Action Stations!" The I-305 got away only to sink another tanker before veteran cutter *HMAS Agoris* finally stopped her.

BUT IN THE ATTEMPT she ceased being a novice, and the crew and officers were so chagrined by their failure that these blundering, all-thumbs tactics never again were repeated.

"Men, we're going to war," the Captain announced one early morning at muster. "Our job is to shepherd two special-mission freighters across the Indian Ocean and to deliver them to a secret base. No margin for error this time. We've got to get them there . . . in any event, *they*'ve got to get there, no matter what."

That was the beginning of the end. *HMAS Tromp*, under cover of nightfall, raced across to a harbor within patrol range of the Japs, and literally under their noses, sneaked out with the two merchantmen. Their cargo was ammunition. It hadn't occurred to any of the crew to ask for transfers, but when the big red BAKER flags, signifying ammunition, appeared at the foretruck of these ships one morning at sea, a mounting tension gripped the convoy.

Then, for six days, our luck held constant. The destroyer had miraculously accomplished at least a part of her mission, had avoided enemy surface craft, planes equipped with radar, submarines and long range land-based bombers, and was well on her way across the big Indian when disaster struck. In one moment, all her dreams were dashed . . .

"Minefield dead ahead!"

Suddenly the whole ship seemed to heave up on its beam ends, and

a tongue of flame higher than the main mast seared out across the bow. The steel bow, turrets and all, bent back like a folded envelope as searing flame shot upward to the crow's nest. The bullhorn squawked once: "Minefield!" and then died in the ensuing calamity.

In the radio shack, I was taking down the morning press and having a cup of coffee. The explosion heaved me butt over tear kettle against a transmitter. Somewhere a man bellowed:

"Close the watertight doors before it's too late!"

But even then it was too late. Blood flowed down my scalp and shoulder in rivulets as I picked myself up, reaching for the packet of Confidential papers and Secret Codes that are a part of every radio shack. The cubby hole beneath the bridge was a mess, with water seeping in and transmitters and tubes all over the deck. Topsides, I could hear the frantic shouting of men who were witness to the havoc in the aftermath of smacking the mine. We had hit the damned thing in mid-ocean! Thoughts of saving the ship raced through my mind as I staggered out of the radio shack toward the watertight door. A man tumbled down the bridge ladder, and somebody bellowed:

"Grab the Old Man! He's hurt bad—"

The old man was hurt worse than that—he was dead. Water rushed through the flooding forward compartment as three sailors desperately attempted to close the door. The bloody face of the Exec appeared above the compartment, squinting for a moment at the rag-doll of the Captain in death.

"We hit a mine!" he exploded. "Close that goddam watertight door!"

BUT BY THEN THE WATER was rushing in too fast, and the ship developed a forward bow list. Down at the end where she had dipped. Flames were rushing along the bridge, chewing up the catwalks where the watch standers had been posted. Everything happened at once, and disastrously.

Abruptly the transmitter flipped off its hinges and slammed me in the back just as I was moving forward to grab a piece of the watertight door. All hell broke loose. Overhead the claxon bawled: "*Abandon Ship! Abandon Ship!*" and men began scurrying up the steel ladder that was twisted like a pretzel from the heat of the explosion. A naked, charred figure blocked the ladder writhing in the death throes, and I sickly, vaguely recognized the body as that of the Executive Officer.

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"YOU SEX MY WIFE--I'LL SEX YOUR WIFE!"

by FRANK S.

PAUL AND MARY were our cousins. They were a lovely couple—good, kind, gentle. They were given a natural thin talent—a pretty rare quality in this world of ours. Mary was a very beautiful girl, tall, dark-haired, white-skinned, and she had a figure to match, lean, round and fully developed in all the right places. And yet, in spite of her beauty, she was completely unaffected as a person, a little shy even. Her husband, Paul—he was my first cousin—may not have been as handsome a male as his wife was as a female, but he was a lovely guy in his own right, a tall, laughing, good-hearted guy who would give you the shirt off his back. And he was just about the greatest natural athlete I've ever seen all my life. Whenever sport he turned his hand to, the guy was a winner.

Paul and Mary had been living in their new house about a month when my wife, Jane, and I went to visit them. It was the first visit we had paid to them in their new domestic "business" for the last couple of months I had been badly tied up in my work.

Their house was in a solitary middle class suburban neighborhood. The surrounding houses were nice, the lawns were clean and well-kept. You knew the sort of neighborhood I mean.

Right from the start I sensed something wrong between Paul and Mary. There was an air of tension, of uneasiness between them. In fact, Mary's face wore an expression of grimaces, a look I had never seen in her sweet face before.

Paul came out with what it was all about while we were having drinks in their living room.

"You know," he said, "we had quite an experience when we moved into this house. We found out we moved into a wife-snapping neighborhood."

"And he's not kidding, either," said Mary, her face suddenly grimmer than ever.

Paul then went on to tell us about what had happened. About two weeks after they had moved into their new house, they had attended a neighborhood party. It had seemed to be just an ordinary cocktail party. But suddenly, around eleven o'clock, the tempo of the party completely changed. A sexual orgy had abruptly commenced, with the men and women stripping off their clothes and

Musical beds is out! The latest 'in' fad now-a-days is sleeping with the mates of very close friends. Swingers say it's even wilder than an orgy!

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"That advertisement was a little more wordy and girly," said the owner of one of those signs. "That's how it is in the city."

He had the Midas Touch all right, in reverse. Everything he put his hand to turned to... Well, let's just say he wasn't too successful as a Western businessman! He had the amazing knack of doing exactly the wrong thing at the worst possible moment!

They advertise in the want ads soliciting jobs as maids or as household help. But their best merits are not primarily in making a bed—they prefer to be made in it!



VICE DOLLS WHO RENT OUT THEIR

by BILL GIG





SHE SWIFT INTO THE APARTMENT, a small, sandy brunette about 30. Over an arm was draped an item-to-be-poke which stole like walked around the pool and spotted the bedroom and moved in. She plopped in the king-size Hollywood, pushed it down as if testing it and then wandered back out to the living room. She opened the eye decanter on the bar and flipped into an easy chair, flexibly lighting a cigarette and rearranging:

"The owner's Gipper, baby. I'm the new maid." Suddenly, the guy was plain straightforward. He took a good hard look at the girl, from head under the changing black dress, smiled and poured himself a stiff pint. He started to explain how the pool wasn't a big place, and could maybe the agency had the wrong man. Ginger laughed softly, abruptly stood up and walked into the bedroom. Curious to tag the lead, the guy followed.

"Heey," Ginger said, "I can do this apartment in nothing flat. Let me change my clothes."

Whereupon, the brunette gave one of those classic before and the dress, apparently made for a stripper, twisted in a heap in the door. Then the brunette showed signs of her long and pigskin and her stretched out arms. The guy rushed hot, leaving her drop and pushing her back onto the bed off in cool movement. Ginger didn't speak for a few minutes as the guy answered. She lay back on the pillow and just looked at him. Then her voice took on a hardward note, the speaking her heavy firmness of the professional.

"That's me \$20 for the hour, darling. Or \$500 for the night, but yourself."

"Sure," he grinned. "I'm waiting myself just for, I'll say your night—"

"Before I leave," she smiled seductively, "remind me to give you the name of a woman who'll clean up this joint."

So it went.

(Continued on page 14)

SERVICES BY THE DAY OR WEEK!



"I expect you'll pay out."

I nodded again. "The way?" I asked timidly. "Yes in the night. The train is coming. The same both of us blowing up with it."

She put her left hand against my cheek. "Frank," she said softly, "do you want me to sleep now?"

"No," I said. "Leave your gun. I'll do it myself."

She pressed her forehead against my forehead and I remained on the rail as my forehead, rocking with pain and desperation. Then she laid me on the lips. It is warm gesture of sympathy, and I could taste her tears. Then she disappeared into the darkness.

I WAS AN ALONE waiting for death. I decided to go it over with. I raised the gun barrel to my head, and reached out with my left hand to pull the slide. My left hand landed against the hard corner of the box of blasting rope that stuck out of the front pocket of my jacket.

At that moment, I knew what I would try to do. It was no suicide chance, but it was worth taking. I gathered all my remaining strength and will power, stood up with my left hand still unprepared, threw my self backward on the rail. I reached out over my head and gripped for the nearest charge. My fingers touched it. I grasped for the primed rope and pulled it out of the charge.

At that moment, the rail started shaking under me. The train was approaching. There was little time left, but I knew I had all the time in the world. You feel that way when you know you're going to die.

Slowly and deliberately, in a dull manner from the pain, I took handfuls of primed rope around my neck, just above where my head was caught. I wound it around several times. Then I took a blasting cap out of the box and inserted the end of the primed rope in it. I took the trigger out of my pocket and stepped it tight.

I groped for the pistol. I had put down before reaching for the primed rope. I found it. I put the barrel against the blasting cap. You sleep, I told myself. It's the last nap, off of the blasting cap which would set off the primed rope and I'd blow off my head and I'll be free.

By now the train was blasting right at me, and I could hear the roar. The rails panted. I pulled back the slide, read the number on the blasting cap.

Now the train came. The locomotive came around the bend, a black shadow in the night. I pulled the trigger. The slide snapped forward.

A bright orange flame welled up at me. I didn't know for what. I was part of it. The explosion enveloped me, and I felt myself flying through

start for 1938 the cost of diamonds!

Capra Gemo

hard-cut, hand polished, deep selected

— One full half inch in diameter

— One full half inch in width

— One full half inch in depth

— One full half inch in length

— One full half inch in thickness

— One full half inch in weight

— One full half inch in color

— One full half inch in texture

— One full half inch in finish

— One full half inch in quality

— One full half inch in quantity

— One full half inch in variety

— One full half inch in price

— One full half inch in value

— One full half inch in interest

— One full half inch in satisfaction

— One full half inch in happiness

— One full half inch in peace

— One full half inch in love

— One full half inch in life

— One full half inch in death

— One full half inch in eternity

— One full half inch in glory

— One full half inch in honor

— One full half inch in power

— One full half inch in wisdom

— One full half inch in knowledge

— One full half inch in understanding

— One full half inch in experience

— One full half inch in skill

— One full half inch in art

— One full half inch in science

— One full half inch in technology

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At the moment, the highest paid film star in the world is a stag. He is a man who can make a woman believe that he is a real thing.

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Continued on page 10

See Stag in the picture

at the picture house

SPANISH GIRL PHOTOS & Delightful Features 11

See Stag in the picture
at the picture house

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today. It isn't a very big talent, however. You should have remembered that."

I shrugged. "OK, You've got me. What happens next? You going to turn me into a monkey?" "Whoever said that?" Claire asked. "Unless you have me too. This is treasure, just. It doesn't belong to you, or to me, or to anybody. It's the treasure. It's the treasure of the law. Two of us in your shoes against one of you. Kill you? Sure I will, unless you decide to get lost. This is a real treasure, the best I found, and keep looking!"

I looked at the treasure astonished to myself. The girl had overruled themselves. I would a kitten and was dead like the kitten.

Claire said to Mary, "Keep your eyes open. That character may come back. If he does, kill him!" Then she set to work trying to shovel the gold out of the hole. The girls were good. They worked like a pair of gloves. They pulled that rule and all it made a lovely job. There it was, that for them to thank it out again.

Oh, you know how much gold weighs. An ordinary brick, that is, and can weigh nearly half a ton. It's valuable, sure, \$500 a heavy ounce. It's pure, and at 100 ounces to the pound that's \$4500 a pound. Add four more ounces to make a ten-ounce pound, and you've got \$4500 to the pound—a lot more money since the heavy ounce is lighter than the avoirdupois. All in all, you get about \$2400 for a pound of pure gold. Ten pounds is \$24,000, 100 pounds adds up to \$240,000.

How much was a 100 pound gold mine? \$240,000? No, that's a big day's income, but when it comes to a fortune like this one, it's peanuts. The two together were something under a load I guessed to be less than fifty grand. And they were stuck with it. They couldn't walk around. If they started to guard the treasure, they couldn't walk it in. If one left, I could easily wait till the other fell asleep, and take command again. I told her, they'd really be stuck with what they had. Nothing to compare about, but really miserable compared to nothing!

I could almost see their little bodies shivering. They began to talk out to me. They urged me to come back. They begged me that they'd make a deal. They were ready to promise anything. I kept quiet and waited. I waited for twenty minutes. Finally, I supposed they understood. I wasn't really so dumb. Subtly they gathered up as much as they could carry and started off. I watched three straggling down the ditched. They were in view for over a mile.

I had watching for nearly two more days before I made my move.

Then I went back and moved the treasure. I carried it all in a small bag. I carried two hundred yards away and returned it. I carefully kept out every last trace of what I'd done and then went.

What the girls did from then on, I don't know. I followed straight to the administrative capital of Mayaguez and ultimately reported my find. I had back a party consisting of two native boys, an excellent French colon, and half a dozen local police.

There were plenty of people showing that the girls had been back and had been searching. Jealousy pointed out their marks, and suggested that someone was trying to do the French. So, with a wave of my sword, I pointed out the real treasure. I pointed out the real treasure. I pointed out the real treasure.

There was close to \$24,000,000 in that pile by the time I was all collected, packed back to Moscow and shipped. Oh, yes, there were three more chests buried nearby. One that I hadn't even looked at the first time. I got the second. Finally, took the rest. That fifteen million's not a bad reward, is it?

The girls? I never saw them again. But I heard, unofficially from an official, that two young ladies were caught attempting to smuggle out stolen gold and of French sovereignty territory. I wonder who they could have been?

Did I find all of it? Well, maybe. And then, maybe not. Your chests of gold may seem like quite a lot, but there may just as easily have been one—up to ten for that matter. Maybe some day I'll go back and look. But they might not. It's funny how a lot of money can make a man's ambition. The happy. Why work if you think that's what you want? You might be a double-crossing knave on your part. Then again you may be a thief. I do. Good night!

LAD SAN

(Continued from page 10)

cheer, but in lower how to print it and put the trigger. For a while, I looked at the trigger. For a while, I looked at the trigger. For a while, I looked at the trigger.



Dr. Alexander H. G. Schwegler, of the English as a Second Language Institute at Cornell University, explains the book's objectives.

Would better English give you a better chance?

Give me just 15 minutes of your spare time each day and I will show you how to speak and write like a college graduate!

LET'S FACE IT

As intelligent individuals, presumably ones in good luck for a profession, a good education for a daughter—or son—of his English. These individuals are not by their own choice uneducated slaves and disempowered. And yet, in the face of higher education almost everywhere is expected to speak and write like a college graduate. Unfortunately those who fail to measure up are far placed over as because of slighter results.

What About You?

Do you feel sure of your English? Can you talk easily and confidently with any one, in any situation? Can you write a business letter (or a check, a prospective employer's a personal letter)? Do you feel confident as a person because you are confident of your language? Do people think of you as an educated man?

Be Sure of Your English

Correct English comes always by learning. Correct English comes always by learning. And few are those who are without going back to school. Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to improve their speaking and writing to secure their recognition in business, government, communications, society and everyday life in their own homes.

Here's What to Do

To accomplish these results spend 15 minutes a day with the Cornell University Method. Through this method learned you can master good English—improve your vocabulary, can describe the things in comparison your thoughts and express them clearly. Take the first step NOW! You can quickly and easily bring your English up to today's high standards—free and no obligation to help yourself and others!

Let's Consider Your Questions.

Question: What is so important about my English to good and sure?

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making it good any situation and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully in your own language if you speak or write without a clear command of good English.

Question: What does it mean to "speak of good English?"

Answer: It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of the embarrassment of making mistakes. It means you can think and write as a good communication when you speak and understand what you read.

Question: Are there other advantages or is perfect the superior command of good English?

Answer: Yes! There are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them in your own expression your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason, a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: Should I feel as you have to school for a command of good English?

Answer: No, not any more. You can give the effort at home and with the aid of simple guides right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: Is this something you?

Answer: Cornell Institute of Change has been helping people for over 100 years. The Cornell Center Institute Method quickly shows you how to eliminate differences and make you a polished, confident, free thinker and well and desired the "best" of university education.

Question: How do I know it works?

Answer: Many are thousands of letters to my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the Cornell Center Institute Method on various training results. If you send us the coupon below, I will show some of these letters with you.

Question: How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate using your method?

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to do your own part. It is as little as 15 minutes a day you will see much results.

Question: How can I find out more about the Cornell Institute Method?

Answer: I will gladly send you a free 50-page booklet which explains the new way to achieve Cornell Institute Method and tells how you can master good English quickly and correctly at home. Send coupon and 10¢ (plus today to Cornell Institute, Dept. 900-111, 111 E. College St., Ithaca, N.Y. 14850).

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Gay Sisters



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DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT
THE EXOTIC...
SHE TAUGHT THEM!**

San Diego is the Southern California city pulled from the top 100 list. The city is the second most dense in the West, but behind Los Angeles and San Francisco. It is the only city in the West that is not a coastal city. It is the only city in the West that is not a coastal city. It is the only city in the West that is not a coastal city.

"When I'm disappointed about the school, usually I tell it to that lady, Mrs. [redacted] where the city manager is, because he there [he] would work, if he just in that position."

Typical 1- and 2-yr survival rates for patients in the control group are compared between patients who received the 10000 IU dose and the 20000 IU dose.

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Figure 1. Schematic diagram of the experimental setup. The subject is seated in a chair, viewing a video screen. The video screen displays a target (a red dot) and a starting point (a black dot). The subject's hand is positioned at the starting point. The video screen is connected to a computer system.

Year	1999	2000	2001
Value	100	100	100

If there has a point, and every bit of research done on the subject seems to support her claims, the advantage isn't just "though, it's reinforcing all of us called have children's idea, or engaged in have them, want to take

How can we look at our daughters if we know all of them in person? It's easy enough to give and judge when the cyclone hits and uproot lives, but when it leads to becoming unknown, it [the] family separates. And it's becoming more unknown than most of us realize.

A recent survey of another roadside resort just Chicago was two more indicators of the national tide of affairs. Of the fifty cars observed during its 10 to 115 minutes stay between the hours of six and eight—night on a Friday night—"fast cars" in many small towns in the Middle West—about half appeared to be legitimate highway travelers. Of the rest, a few of the girls had the unmistakable look of the professional, the heavy make-up and over-indulgent laugh that Marie's "Good customers" have.

But the rest of the couples were obviously using the place as a safe haven—the girls were uniformly middle-class, some of the girls were of high school age, with boys who were also very young. Many of them were with either boys, and some with middle-aged men.

These girls were not in the business of selling their bodies. Doubt very few of them were long paid off with anything more than a meal and a few dollars, if that much.

THE FACT IS, that another new law, known as well-known, as lastly accepted as an important in an ordinary evening's "date," that the demand for professional services has actually declined.

There was a limit, not long ago, when a boy who had been on a date with a "nice" girl often found it necessary to look and the services of a professional prostitute were often taken on this score. Despite the increasing moral laxity of this era, even the boldest of the "nice" girls would not permit the slightest possession of her body by a boy. Extravagant with her dress and with every form of "pretzel," such a girl would nevertheless get short of the final stage that often comes alone was enough to drive many young men and men to prostitution, in order to satisfy the sexual needs that manifested about the breakfast table.

The situation is no longer "peace with honor" since World War II and increasingly in the last few years particularly, the standards of doing business have made the difference and a rule more often than a suggestion. Between organized crime

play up to gayming date. He longer does the girl singer a man's come down to the mail-order shop and then send him away. When she permits him to find release, and to give her satisfaction at the same time. The change has certainly made a difference in the sexual nature of prostitution.

A Soviet psychologist at one of the great Eastern universities, in a study of the dreams of the small town and the rise of the industrial power said that one of the many changes which has taken place concerns prostitution. As recently as thirty years ago, this constant reminder, every town, large or small, had its quota of professional women. Even the smallest village had at least one girl who was known to be available to anyone who was prepared to pay her for it. It was of the middle class part of American society, rather, it did grow, and almost always on a small scale.

This show is no longer just Pennsylvania is almost unrepresented in the very small towns of today. The format is simple. The stars, made of women and girls in their small towns made them almost impossible to see. Because of this reason, they created a first test-run for the small country of producers who were ready to satisfy the same needs of the town's men.

The rules of behavior have changed. However, and should be noted, has passed through its colonial boundaries among a very large section of the population. In a typical small town, the town may not do all but for the past generation because they still have to. Instead, many of the "new" state and women are now providing on a changing, non-paying basis. As a result, the professional has disappeared from many towns.

It's not in our immediate century, but the Middle Ages," a college girl recently told a newspaper reporter. "A girl's got to keep right in one part with male in a lot of ways. There, when you come down to it. After all, everyone knows today that a woman's personality are stronger than a man's." So she has even more of a right to a "natural leg."

"That doesn't hurt," he shouts, "you're also
very smart! Don't you ever feel
what you're doing anything wrong?"

"It's the argument," Kandel says, "that life's fun and it's business. All the girls look promising. And after all, it was only the risk of pregnancy that kept girls on the straight and narrow. Nowadays, with all the distractions of modern culture, there isn't any more risk. And so, naturally, there's no longer any reason for chasing. I'd say that the girls I know all feel the same way. Sex is an accepted part of



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